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### Agricultural.

#### COMMERCIAL CROP REPORTS.

Until within a recent period newspapers circulating in the country always held up, as an inducement to subscribers, the completeness of their market reports, and many farmers based their opinions on the prices according to these reports, but like all goods that become staple and necessary, the many adulterations have rendered them almost worthless. It is surprising to note the conflicting reports sent out, all based upon "reliable sources." An attempt to reduce any of them to practice in the marketing of farm produce, is almost sure to result in a reversal of the prediction, and a consequent loss to the producer. These reports are doubtless manufactured for this very purpose. The real facts in every case are gleaned and furnished by paid experts, who are sent the country over, if necessary, to procure information pertaining to the growing or matured crops. These reports are no more public property than bank deposits, and are as scrupulously guarded. If the crop is likely to be short, either report is made to order, or certain cases here and there are reported, showing a large increase in acreage or yield with the evident purpose of influencing holders of the crop to sell at present rates, that the advance may come while the product is in the speculators' hands. The commercial newspapers may be innocent of the fraud practiced, but they are open to the criticism of conniving to help gamblers to prey upon their readers, by publishing reports entirely at variance with official facts and figures. These reports from the different States, when analyzed according to location, have a grim humor that is only appreciated by those who perpetrate the joke; for instance, during the latter part of June and the first of July last, in the crop reports from the different States furnished through the associated press dispatches, the reports from Michigan came from Saugatuck or Muskegon. These invariably showed "a surprising improvement in the growth and maturity of the wheat crop." Now a report from Saugatuck on the "catch" of fish, or the price of lumber might have been of some importance in a commercial report under its proper heading, but that the prospects for the wheat crop of Michigan should be rated from its appearance on the yellow sand of that settlement, is rather overdoing the ridiculous. There are Saugatucks enough in every State to do duty as a source from which to send a bogus report, and doubtless such are used. Should a false report come from Kalamazoo, or Ann Arbor, or Hillsdale, or Grand Rapids, the denials would come too thick to be pleasant, and might act as a boomerang to these falsifiers, and so such places seldom appear to indicate the crop prospects in their vicinity.

After the universal freeze of Sept. 9th it was interesting to note the almost frantic attempt to prove the corn was still unharmed. Several reports stated that corn was really benefited by the frost by ripening it up sooner. These report manufacturers did not know that a freeze like that is the worst calamity that can befall a growing crop. Had all the corn been cut up by the frost the day before, it would now be fifty percent better. So with beans, a freeze in a manner cooks the grain so that it ferments and spoils. Beans pulled before the frost, even though somewhat green, came out bright and ripe, while rows in the same field left standing during that fatal night are now mouldy and sour.

Prices for farm products may now be said to have no natural tendency either up or down, as influenced by supply and demand; prices both ways are manufactured. The crop grown from the soil is handicapped by the crop grown in the field. Wheat and corn are not thought to grind into food for man and beast, these are incidental features of the trade. They are bought for the margin expected. If speculation was confined to actual exchanges of the commodity, there could be no ground for protest, but when as much fictitious grain is sold as is raised from the soil, and these reported sales are

passed as real in the amount of the daily transactions, their effect on the producer is criminal, and should be abated by law. The crop reports furnished by the several States, of which our own State is a worthy example, would be invaluable to the farmer, as supplementing and confirming the Department reports, but for the studied attempts of boards of trade to render them nugatory and ineffective. These reports reach the public but once a month, while the daily hash of crop prospects manipulated in the interest of speculators on "Change," reiterate their reports from "intelligent correspondents," entirely at variance from the real state of things, to bias and muddle the producer, and those outside the ring, so that he who digs in the ground may be satisfied to take the price fixed by him who digs in the air. The wheat and hogs raised on the floor of the Board of Trade building in Chicago can be sold cheaper than the same product raised on the farm, and what discounts the farmer is the unlimited amount which can be raised there, and the competition which this fictitious product produces.

If farmers will note the fact that while they have products to sell, the report of that special product in the commercial paper always favors the buyer, they will place less reliance upon these reports. Members of boards of trade are very sensitive about agricultural papers meddling with these matters. They prefer to keep the populace in ignorance of their maneuvers, knowing well that once awakened to the actual facts, they cannot so readily manipulate values, and influence prices to their advantage. Reports are believed more readily emanating from a source untainted by falsehood, and it is to the interest of the speculator that their reports be entitled to credence, hence their tenderness on the point. If they can sow the air thickly with a well fertilized report; they know the reaping will be a generous one. Every one interested in the direction indicated by it will take it up and speculate upon it, or try to, until a lie will have the same effect as the truth. If the cry is abundant harvests and full granaries, prices will go down, despite the State and Department reports of a deficiency. No wonder that it has become an axiom that the bear side is the winning one; prices can be run down more easily than they can be run up. The speculator makes his margin as readily one way as the other. The speculative value makes the real value when the farmer attempts to sell, and this value is not what it would be were speculation eliminated from the account. It is said that while only one bushel in seven of the wheat crop of the United States reaches the produce exchange of New York, its traders buy and sell two for every one that comes out of the ground. The Chicago board of trade is recently reported to have turned over as much wheat in a day as is raised in the State of Illinois in a twelvemonth. Between the producer who sells his wheat at 95 cents, and the consumer who buys his flour at \$6.50 per barrel, lies a margin so great as to make many rich. If this were properly adjusted between the two extremes, the daily life of each would be made much pleasanter and easier. Instead, this margin goes to him who never lifts a bag of wheat, or handles a bundle of grain, neither is the smell of the workshop found upon his garments. This margin is repeated many fold during the year upon a fictitious basis.

The products of the farm are now low, and the reports are still crying down prices, because the majority of speculators are interested in lower rates for grain; when the upward tide begins farmers who most need the money will have parted with their crops, and the speculator will be happy.

A. C. G.

DR. LAWES, of Rothamstead, England, who has been investigating the growth and character of common field crops for the past forty years, in the most systematic manner and with the most perfect appliances, says he cannot tell where the nitrogen in clover comes from, whether it is drawn from the atmosphere or the soil. The Doctor says there are thousands of persons to be met who know all about it. Of a thousand of them perhaps seven hundred will assert that it comes from away down in the soil, and three hundred that it comes from away up in the air and each set are equally sure the others are fools. It is so with a good many other questions.

A TELEGRAPHIC dispatch from Washington to the daily papers contains the following interesting information: "Dr. Loring, who regularly draws his pay at the rate of \$4,000 a year as commissioner of agriculture at Washington, has been at his post about three days continuously since June 1. Once when he was wanted to sign a warrant for current expenses he was found rusticated in the country. The costly experiments in fancy horticulture, and the paying for the same, go on like clockwork while the doctor is away." The Doctor thinks his name alone is worth \$4,000 to the Department, and is not wasting his strength in attending to the business of his office.

The Brighton market fair was largely attended and all the departments were well filled, making a very creditable exhibition.

#### CLINTON COUNTY FAIR.

The twenty-ninth exhibition of the Clinton County Agricultural Society opened under rather unfavorable circumstances. The heavy rain on Tuesday night and Wednesday morning made the outlook rather discouraging, but by extending the time until Saturday it was fairly successful. The Ladies' Cornet Band was on the ground and discoursed fine music. Also a gentlemen's band, that added to the pleasure of the occasion.

The ladies made a fine show of their fancy work in art hall. The quality of the vegetables and fruit was good, but in quantity less than it should be. Implement and wagon dealers made a fair showing.

The entries in the live stock department were said to be in excess of former years. Wm. Armour, of Duplain, was out with his Shorthorns, among which were his recent purchases at the Lansing sale. In this herd are several descendants of Evangeline by Moss Trooper 5025, tracing to imp. Princess by Wellington (894). Mr. Armour is equipping himself to do some much needed work in the way of improving the stock of his county. Mr. R. M. Steele showed two Shorthorns. R. B. Caruss was on hand with his herd of Galloways; also his Shorthorns purchased at the Ball & Boyden sale. Mr. C. S. Gillman showed his Holstein bull. Mr. C. L. Harrison, of Lansing, showed his fine herd of Holsteins. Four of his herd were imported by B. B. Lord of Sinclairville, N. Y. Two were bred by W. L. Cheney, Belmont, Mass. The bull now at the head of the herd, which is for sale, was bred by Smith & Powell, of Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. Harrison has recently purchased a young bull to place at the head of his herd that was sired by Lord's Jumbo, that lately sold for \$2,500. Although he has been breeding Holsteins only a year he has some fine representatives as any in the State.

There was a good show of horses. The speed horses were too numerous to mention. Among them were some fine ones, the get of Kyrat. John Wandell showed five horses for all work. H. G. W. Hall showed 14 head of Percherons that were a fine lot and will be heard from hereafter. Lewis Boron showed his imported horse, Champion Cub that attracted our attention. He is a horse of majestic carriage, has a good disposition, heavy limbs, large muscles and good action. He was imported from Scotland by T. Beals of Pennsylvania, and judging from specimens of his get that we saw is a very prepotent sire.

There was also a good show of sheep. Seven pens of Cotswolds. Of Merinos, R. B. Caruss, one pen; C. T. Gillman, four pens; J. W. Bosley, six pens; John Shaver & Son, one pen; also four pens of fine wool grades.

F. M. Dean, Pawman, showed ten pens of a draft from his flock of Merinos that taken individually or collectively were a show of great merit. We were especially interested in looking over his stock ram Noonday and his get. He is a ram of good size, fine style, is well folded, and has every appearance of having a strong constitution. One of a pen of yearling ewes comes very near our ideal of a Merino. A ewe bred by E. E. Crane, of Vermont, had many admirers; also a yearling ram bred by S. B. Palmer and G. B. Reed, of Norvell. This is a ram that has wrinkles enough for any one, and his style and general appearance are pleasing. Mr. Dean, as a breeder, is an admirer of sheep of strong constitution, and we will just hint that he is likely a hard competitor to beat. We ourselves believe that in the near future Merinos of strong constitution will be the "fashion" instead of the narrow chested, feeble, tender things that shear a light fleece that is heavily loaded with grease and gum.

The show of swine was fairly there, being some good Essex, Jersey Reds, Berkshires, Chester Whites and Poland Chinas. John Shaver & Son showed seven pens of Poland Chinas that were descended from the stock purchased from C. W. Jones, Richland, and Mr. Ellsworth, of Bancroft. These pens of Poland Chinas pigs of Mr. Shaver's were as good as any we have seen at any of the fairs, and are fully up to the times.

While at St. Johns we were cordially received by the officers of the Society, kindly treated, every courtesy shown we could have desired, and we regretted very much that other engagements did not allow more time there.

The editor of the Dairy has been figuring up the value of the corn crop of the country, and the result is rather astonishing. He says corn is a species of grass, and many be considered the most valuable grass in existence, for if we consider that there is 100 lbs. of dry fodder for every bushel of grain, this product alone is equal to 87,000,000 tons of fodder, which is nearly as much as all the hay made. But there is the grain, which at 30 cents a bushel equals \$325,000,000; and the fodder at \$5 a ton is worth \$435,000,000. Here is at a moderate estimate a thousand million dollars of yearly product from corn. And so far as beef, pork, butter, cheese, poultry and milk are concerned, we may consider that a very large portion of them are corn.

#### For the Michigan Farmer.

##### THE OVID FAIR.

The seventh annual exhibition of the Ovid Union Agricultural Society was held on their grounds Oct. 9th to 12th inclusive. Notwithstanding the fact that the St. Johns fair was held the same week, the heavy rains during the week made the roads quite muddy, which we feared at one time would be a barrier to prevent the people coming to the fair, there was a very large attendance, and the Ovid fair is entitled to be ranked among the very successful fairs of the season. The enterprising managers of the fair secured the attendance of two Roman chariot teams, which gave two grand races each day and added much to the interest of the exhibition, as well as to the funds of the Society. The liberal prizes offered for bicycle races brought out a large number of competitors, and their performance on the track was both novel and pleasing and added very much to the sports of the week.

The show of wagons, buggies, farm implements, threshing machines, traction engines, etc., was a creditable one indeed.

In vegetable hall the show of potatoes was good enough for any fair, and it was very evident that this portion of the country is capable of taking a prominent place among the vegetable growing districts. A little more effort should have been made by the ladies to have filled floral hall to overflowing. We hope next year to see this part of the exhibition very much improved.

In the live stock departments the number of entries exceeded those of former years, and the quality of the stock was better than we had expected to see. There were thirty entries made in the heavy horse classes. Owing to the lack of stalls the heavy horses were stabled outside the ground and therefore the owners did not reap the full benefit of showing their stock. In the roadster classes there was a large number and the quality was good as we might expect, for this portion of the State has been the birthplace of many good ones, but the most illustrious one was Jerome Eddy. Dewey & Stewart had on exhibition the own brother to the horse, George Mills. N. B. Babcock, of Laingsburg, was out with his string of 13, and won sweepstakes on stallion and three of his get; also first and second on horse colt one year old, first and second on horse suckling, first and second on mare one year old and first on brood mare and foal at foot. Wm. Greene showed two head and won first on filly colt and second on brood mare with foal at foot. M. W. Willoughby showed five head and won first on horse colt one year, first on horse foal, second on brood mare grade and filly colt, also second on brood mare roadster. C. C. Rowell won first on roadster stallion six years old, first on mare seven years old, first on gelding, and first on colt.

In the cattle class there was a fair representation. J. M. Bowlby, C. Hibbard & Son, Elmer Warren and A. H. Warren were among the Shorthorn exhibitors, C. Hibbard & Son led in numbers and first on cow four years old, first and second on cows three years old, first on heifer two years old, first on heifer one year, first on bull calf, first on heifer, second on aged bull. A. H. Warren showed seven head; won first on bull two years old, second on cow four years old, heifer calf and bull calf. Elmer Warren showed two head, won second on heifer one year old. J. M. Bowlby won second on bull two years old. J. Schroder won first on aged bull.

In Jerseys Wm. Greene showed three head, and won first on one year old. E. M. Jordan won first on heifer two years old, D. S. Miller won first on bull two years old and cow four years old.

In Holsteins, B. B. Hardy won first on cow, heifer calf and yearling. W. E. Warren won first on bull two years old, cow three years old, and second on yearling heifer and bull calf. W. Ryan won first on yearling heifer and bull calf, and second on cow three years old.

On Merino sheep E. De Camp won first and second on ewes two years old, first and second on yearling ewes, first and second on pen of ewe lambs, and first on buck lamb. E. T. Putnam won first on ram two years old. C. Hibbard & Son won second on aged ram, and ram one year old. Elmer Warren won first on ewe lamb. A. H. Warren won first on ram one year old.

In swine the Poland Chinas led in numbers. R. M. Cross won first on boar one year, and pen of pigs, and second on sow one and two years old. Elmer Warren won first on sow one year old and second on pen of pigs. On Berkshires C. Hibbard & Son won first on boar one year old, sow one year old, first and second on litter of pigs.

This was, perhaps, the last of the important fairs of the season. It was a success, we are glad to say. Many things are yet necessary for the shows of the coming years. The accommodations for live stock will need to be increased, the grounds enlarged, and then with the universal interest and unbounded pride manifested by the people of the surrounding country we expect to see many years roll around, the Ovid Fair approaching the Lansing Fair in magnitude.

#### WHAT CALIFORNIA PRODUCES.

The following figures taken from the address of President Finigan at the late State Fair of California, will give some idea of the immense resources of this State: California sends more wheat to Europe through her principal port, of her own raising, than any other State in the Union. The wheat crop of this year is worth \$30,000,000; barley, \$13,000,000; oats, \$2,500,000; corn, \$1,000,000; rye, \$500,000; wool, \$12,000,000; wine, \$5,000,000; hops, \$2,000,000; hogs, \$2,000,000; canned fruit, \$3,000,000; powder, \$2,000,000; cattle, \$6,000,000; horses and mules, \$1,500,000; sheep, \$3,000,000; poultry, \$1,000,000; butter, \$1,500,000; flax, silk, Angora goats, \$1,000,000; lime, hair, etc., \$2,000,000. The California mines will produce this year about \$17,000,000. This makes a total for agricultural and kindred pursuits of \$88,000,000, and a grand total for all of \$105,000,000, and it is estimated that there are not over 150,000 people engaged in agriculture.

The great industry of California will be the growing of fruits. In time every part of the State will be teeming with a dense population; will be dotted with cottages, bowered with trees and vines; with happy homes of small fruit farmers. There are now about 100,000 acres planted to grapes, containing 100,000 vines. This year's vintage is estimated at 12,000,000 boxes of raisins. The capital invested in the grape culture is estimated at \$60,000,000. In four years it will be quadrupled. Every warm sunny hillside will soon be terraced and planted to the vine.

#### Reported for the Michigan Farmer.

##### THE HADLEY DISTRICT FAIR.

In accordance with a promise made the officers of this society last June, your reporter attended, at the village of Hadley on the 9th, 10th and 11th of October, their sixth annual fair. Although they had spoken enthusiastically of what would be done we are pleased to write that we were not disappointed, neither as to number and quality of exhibits, or the attendance, for in all these respects it exceeded many county fairs that we have attended. The grounds consist of ten acres close by the village, and up to this year supplied with ample buildings; but with future prospects of still larger fairs the officers will do well to use some of the surplus funds in their hands in building larger and more convenient ones, for every horse stall and cattle shed were occupied. The weather of the afternoon of the 10th and the field day of the 11th was favorable, and this was fully appreciated, as shown by the very large number of farmers with their families that were on the grounds. The display of articles in the Art Hall in the upper story of the main building, was very creditable to the deft hands of the fair ones who had executed the fancy and embroidered work in endless profusion, and which was so happily placed in position by those having charge. The plants and floral decorations were handsome, and if we had space should be pleased to name all the exhibitors in this department.

The display of vegetables and fruits considering the season, was a remarkable one, equalling in this respect, considering the quantity, any fair we have visited this year.

In the sheep department we noticed among the Merinos a two-year-old buck, No. 511, bred by Mr. Ad. Taylor, of Romeo, and three April ram lambs of his get; one pen of three-year-old ewes by J. T. Rich's No. 73; one lamb by Rich's No. 15; some two-year-old ewes by his No. 52, and one by a Stickney ram, exhibited by Robert Stewart, that were a credit to him as a breeder. Andrew McDougal showed a buck lamb by Young Genesee, and three fine three-year-old ewes by Addition that in our opinion are way up in excellence. In the adjoining pens that earnest young breeder, L. Atherholt showed three yearling ewes bred by W. H. Blow's Dewey ewes, sired by Young Genesee, and three pure Atwood ewes that will cause more than a moment's halt to inspect. J. B. Stocker showed three three-year-old ewes from Taylor stock, three two-year-old ewes by Genesee, three yearling ewes sired by a ram from Genesee, two yearling rams, and a ram lamb. Fellows & Conner showed their late purchase, Young Ironsides, a yearling buck bred by J. C. S. Hamilton, of Vermont, nine two-year-old ewes by E. H. & E. Merrill, of Vermont, and a ram and ewe lamb sired by Dr. Stone's well-known ram Acme. These pens carried off their share of blue ribbons. Our friend A. J. Snook exhibited his two-year-old ram; E. S. Howe, a pen of ewe lambs and a yearling ram; R. M. Moore, three ewe and four ram lambs. Baldwin Bros., to keep up their reputation, showed eight pens of lambs, yearlings, two and three year old ewes, all registered stock, and some of the ten young rams are more than good. They made a most creditable display. The last in our list of breeders of fine-wools is the veteran, John T. Rich, of Elba, who showed a yearling ram, two ram lambs, a pen of three-year-old ewes, one of two years, one of one year, and two of ewe lambs.

The cotton crop of 1883 will not exceed 5,800,000 bales.

There were several pens of Long Wools, but as their respective owners were absent when we made our repertorial rounds, we were not able to learn the names of their exhibitors.

The horse department was well filled in the various classes of sire, carriage and driving, draft and general purpose horses, and more than creditable to a district fair. The new poultry house, 16x34 feet, was well filled with a handsome lot of the several well known varieties of layers and crows.

Although a strong admirer of the Short-horn for general purposes, we could not pass David Clark's herd Herefords without stopping to admire their white faces and symmetrical forms, and almost half yield to the earnest query of their enthusiastic owner as he asks, "Aren't they beauties?" He had 10 head of them on the grounds.

I. H. Butterfield, of Lapeer, had 11 head of Holsteins on exhibition, the only herd on the grounds. Among the others were those brought out recently for him by Mr. Seelye, of Phelps & Seelye. The display of Shorthorns was good. We noticed A. J. Snook had two fine five-year-old cows, a two year, one three years, a yearling and a calf that are well bred and showed good care. J. H. Hemingway & Son showed a four year old, a three year old and a heifer calf; John McDougal four calves and a one year old heifer that are bred from John T. Rich and John K. Pierson stock. C. Stimson showed his three-year-old bull Derby, that weighs 1,780 lbs., his Rose of Sharon three year old roan cow, and a two-year-old red and white heifer, a grade cow, and a pair of a two-year-old grade steers that will please your eyes. Clark Townsend had four head of registered stock, two are four years, one three, and a one year old that looked well. Robert Stewart showed his two-year-old heifer Lady Alice, who had Kentucky Joe 32957 for sire, and Rose 3d for first and Rose 2d for second dam. We were pleased with our look at the four year past bull Duke of Dereham Abbey 35044, bred by the Canada West Farm Stock Association, of Brantford, Ont., calved the property of J. K. Pierson and by him sold to its present owner and exhibitor, J. W. Pierson. The sire of this bull was Duke of Springfield of the Craggs family, a pure Bates. He is a fine animal, and his recorded pedigree shows his breeding to be equally good. Mr. Pierson also showed seven grade cows. James Johnson of Oxford, Oakland Co., showed his yearling bull Lucknow, bred by John Lessiter of Jersey, and sired by Meadow Flower Duke 39949, out of Lucy by Hampden 6836; also his one year old red heifer Florence, bred by John Lessiter and by same sire.

Prominent in this class of exhibitors was Mr. John K. Pierson of Goodrich, Genesee Co., who showed his bull General Banks, now 18 months old, sired by Baron Newcastle 5th, he by Duke of Barrington; also his aged cow Victoria 5th, sire Nelson 2411, a five year old cow Gertrude of Holstein, by same sire, a three-year-old called Bright Eyes, by Duke of Dereham Abbey, with Victoria 4th for dam; a two-year-old called White Duchess, sire Baron Newcastle 5th, dam 3d Duchess of Dereham Abbey, six months calf by same sire, with Red Rose for dam, and a two weeks old calf with same sire and with Victoria 5th for dam. John Joy of Atlas, Genesee Co., had from his herd the five-year-old bull Joe Johnson 4th, thought by many to be the best animal on the ground, his aged cow Phyllis Clyde, Lady Jane, a three-year old, Lady Valentine, two years, and Lady Roan, May Bell, Maggie Clyde, yearling heifers, and a five months old bull and a heifer of same age. This herd showed well and was highly commended.

In the swine exhibits we noticed the Poland China sow Lady Raven and seven pigs, owned by E. L. Conner, and bred by James Johnson; also the pen of A. P. Groff filled with various ages, bred from Iowa stock; that of Eugene Mack of Romeo, and those of James Johnson that were registered. This stock in particular evinces high breeding, as they are all well up in form. Mr. J. has bred in the past from stock purchased of C. W. Jones of Kalamazoo, and has gained a good reputation as a breeder himself.

In Berkshires were fine ones owned by J. H. Hemingway & Son, all registered stock. But few agricultural implements were exhibited, Hemingway & Son, local agents, being the only ones showing. A. S. Moorland made an elegant display of robes, blankets, trunks, valises and horse goods in general, also some double harnesses that looked solid and durable, and a single one of exquisite work and style, and light enough for the most noted flyer in the State. His work would be a credit to any city manufacturer. He is also a bee fancier, having at present 95 stands of bees; he showed us some fine samples of comb and strained honey he had on exhibition.

This fair must have been a financial success, as the entries numbered 1,088, and the gross receipts were quite large. To the officers of the fair we tender our thanks for attention and courtesies shown us.

ON THE WING.

THE FRENCH HORSES. WHAT THE ENGLISH SAY.—The French Quarterly Journal of Agriculture says: "The horses of Normandy are a capital race for hard work and country fare. Have never elsewhere seen such horses at the collar. Under the diligence, post-carriage, or cumbersome cabriolet, or on the farm, they are enduring and energetic beyond description. With their necks cut to the bone they flinch not. They keep their condition when other horses would die of neglect and hard treatment." The superiority of French stallions for crossing on the common mares of America is established. This fact has caused the development of the two largest importing and breeding establishments in the world, M. W. Dusham, having imported from France nearly 1,400 Percheron-Normans to his "Oaklawn Farm" at Wayne, Ill., now having there on hand about 500 pure bred, and 3,000 mares, and 21 imported Percheron stallions on Colorado range.

#### Stock Notes.

The name of the party who purchased the ram Shelby, No. 112, of Lee Chapel, of Disco, is J. W. Sexton, of Ada, Kett Co., and he has got a fine ram.

The Short-horn Breeders' Association of Kentucky has decided to duplicate every prize taken by Short-horn or Short-horn grades bred and owned in Kentucky, at the coming Chicago Fat Stock Show.

Mr. C. L. Harrison, Lansing, has purchased of W. K. Sexton, of Howell, the Holstein bull calf, Jumbo Lad, sired by Lord's Jumbo, that recently sold for two thousand five hundred dollars. Mr. Harrison has placed his card in our Breeders' Directory.

Mr. W. J. Gage, of South Lyon, Oakland County, reports the following sales of stock from his flock of registered Merinos: To John T. Smith, Corning, Allegan County, two rams and five ewes. To F. J. Vowles, Hudson, one ram. To Monroe Sprague, South Lyon, one ram.

At the recent Central Michigan fair at Lansing, Mr. Gordon B. Smith, of Eagle, showed nine head of Jerseys and captured first premium on his bull, first and second on yearlings, and first and second on calves. Mr. Smith was also an exhibitor of Houdan fowls, and got first on old fowls, and first and second on Houdan chicks. He also got first on his display of pigeons.

On October 31st, Mr. Richard Gibson, of London, Ont., will sell 35 head of well-bred Short-horns, the following families being represented in the lot: Gwynnes, Darlingsons, Seraphinas, and Fletchers or Frantics. Mr. Gibson's herd enjoys a fine reputation for the character of its breeding stock. Applications for catalogues may be made to R. Gibson, or Gibson & Winthrop, Delaware, Oak.

Mr. J. C. S. Hamilton, of Bridport, Addison County, Vermont, recently brought a party of sheep into Lapeer County, this State, and reports the sales of yearling rams to the following parties: Fellows & Conner, L. Atherholt, Metamora; Wm. I. Allen, David Crumpton, Hadley; J. E. Thomas, Metamora; Zakim Bros., Hadley; C. R. Chapman & Son, Metamora, and David Fellows, Metamora.

Mr. JOSEPH HUMMELMAN, near Pontiac, Oakland County, being about to move away from his farm, has decided to sell his live stock, etc., at auction on Wednesday, October 24th. Among the stock is the bull Muskrats Gwynne 22759, (Vol. 25), two years old, bred by Thomas Wyckoff, Pontiac, Mich., from Kentucky stock on both sides. There will also be some fine Poland China pigs, bred by Mr. Hummelman from stock purchased of J. N. Delane, of Plymouth, Ind.

In reporting upon the show of cattle at the Illinois State Fair, the Chicago Tribune said: "The boss calf at the fair is a three-week-old bull, half Jersey, half scrub, which weighed 15 pounds when dropped and now weighs fully 30 pounds—in fact, it is thought he will actually weigh 30 pounds two or three weeks when he has a belly full of milk in him. Jersey breeders will, regard this youngster with extreme interest as a living, material answer to the charge that Jersey calves are 'little rats, good for neither beauty, beef, nor fish bait!'"

At the great St. Louis Fair we note that F. Wilson, of Jackson, this State, in the class of long-wooled sheep, was awarded first on yearling ram, second on ram two years and over, first on pen of three ram lambs, first on pen of ewes three years old and over, first on pen of three yearling ewes, first on pen of five ewe lambs, sweepstakes on best flock of one ram and five of his get. There are not many Michigan men making the circuit of the fairs, but those who do seem to come out pretty near the top. Michigan is slow, but she is generally sure.

We direct attention to the advertisement of the Riverside Stock Farm, Metamora, Lapeer County. The stock kept consists of Hereford cattle, bred from the herd of Mr. D. Clark, and also from that of Mr. Thomas Foster; the flock of Merinos has been before referred to in the FARMER, and are from Vermont stock, with the stock ram Acme at the head of it. Its Berkshires there are some very well bred ones from stock purchased of Mr. Thomas Foster, of Flint. The farm itself is well adapted to stock breeding, and is well supplied with good buildings.

At the Kansas State Fair at Lawrence, the Poland-China boar Blackfoot 2331, bred by C. W. Jones, of Richland, Kalamazoo County, and now owned by the Miller Bros., of Junction City, that State, won first in his class and second in sweepstakes, and at the Bismark fair second in his class and first in sweepstakes as the best boar of any breed. The Miller Bros., say they would not part with him for less than \$500, as his stock is particularly fine. This does not surprise us any, as friend Jones has always shown finer finished hogs than any Poland-China breeder we know of.

THE FRENCH HORSES. WHAT THE ENGLISH SAY.—The French Quarterly Journal of Agriculture says: "The horses of Normandy are a capital race for hard work and country fare. Have never elsewhere seen such horses at the collar. Under the diligence, post-carriage, or cumbersome cabriolet, or on the farm, they are enduring and energetic beyond description. With their necks cut to the bone they flinch not. They keep their condition when other horses would die of neglect and hard treatment." The superiority of French stallions for crossing on the common mares of America is established. This fact has caused the development of the two largest importing and breeding establishments in the world, M. W. Dusham, having imported from France nearly 1,400 Percheron-Normans to his "Oaklawn Farm" at Wayne, Ill., now having there on hand about 500 pure bred, and 3,000 mares, and 21 imported Percheron stallions on Colorado range.







**NEW ADVERTISEMENTS**

## Rheumatic Syrup.

### Blood Purifier Known!

**CURED.**

N. Y. Feb. 20, '82.  
 Use Co.:  
 Doctoring for three  
 weeks with different phy-  
 sicians, as some call it,  
 did me no relief until I  
 began to use your Syrup.  
 In a short time, to  
 my great surprise, I was  
 able to help me.  
 I used a few weeks,  
 as well as ever.  
 Indeed, I think it has  
 cured me.

J. AM STRANG.

## NEURALGIA CURED

FAIRPORT, N. Y., Mar. 30, '83.  
*Rheumatic Syrup Co.:*  
 GENTS—Since November, 1882,  
 I have been a constant sufferer  
 from neuralgia and have not  
 known what it was to be  
 cured until I commenced the  
 use of Rheumatic Syrup. I had  
 felt pain since using the four  
 bottle. I think it the best re-  
 medy I have ever heard of for pa-  
 lying the blood and for the cure  
 of rheumatism and neuralgia.

W. B. CHASE.

Sole Agents,  
 THE PEDIGREE  
 SODA WATER CO.,  
 13 Plymouth Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

**OPEN US TO YOUR DOOR!**  
America. Founded 1874. Drop us a Postal Card  
address simply LANDRETH, PHILADELPHIA.

**STEAM ENGINES**  
AND **BOILERS**  
IND., U. S. A.  
**TRUCK ENGINES**  
AND **MILERS**  
FIELD DELIVERY



**GRAPES** ALL BEST  
AND NEW  
AND OLD.  
NEW TO DEALERS AND PLANTERS.  
GEO. S. JONESLYN, BROCHTIN, N. Y.

**COPD, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.**  
JENSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will pos-  
sibly cure these terrible diseases, and will cure ma-  
ny other ailments. Information that will save many lives  
sent by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is  
the best cure. J. B. JOHNSON & CO., Worcester, Mass.

**MORTGAGE SALE**—Whereas default has  
been made in the conditions of a certain  
mortgage made and executed the 10th day of May  
A. D. 1882, by J. Kearley Webster, of the  
County of Wayne and State of Michigan, party of the first part, to the Way-  
Michigan, party of the first part, to the Way-

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

NOTICE is hereby given, that a petition has been filed by the undersigned with the clerk of the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne, in and for the State of Michigan, praying for the vacation of the following described lands, to-wit: the eastern part of the lot numbered seven (7), the lot numbered six (6), seven (7) and eight (8), of the Military Reservation, situated in the Township of Farmington, County, lying west of Beeson Avenue, as shown on said plat, and north of the northern boundary line of the Chicago road, and that an application has been made to the court, praying that the same be granted, and that the same be vacated in satisfaction of such claim as may be described.

Dated October 9th, A. D. 1888.

RICHARD HAIGER, Mortgagee.

CHAS. H. BORGMAN, Mortgagee.

Wm. D. DAWSON, Jy 28th, 1883.











## Poetry.

## FALL MOSAICS.

STURBLE FIELDS.  
Along the hills the squares of gold  
That check the fading green,  
A sweeter tale to me have told  
Than many a fairer scene.  
The winding swaths by reapers made,  
Like wrinkles ill-consented  
By time on aged beauty laid,  
Adorn the staid field.

AUTUMN RAIN.  
Steady, downright, noiseless rain,  
Emblem of Almighty power,  
Soft as dew that bathes the plain,  
Unlike summer's lurid shower,  
After summer's torrid rage,  
Thou art like the rest of age.

Patient as a Father's love,  
Steady as the Christian's trust,  
Noiseless falling from above  
On the unjust and the just;  
Storing wealth in field and spring  
Summer's coming days shall bring.

FRUIT.  
It smote the flowers in its wrath,  
It smote the weed beside the path;  
Bland in its rage it smote the corn,  
As well as blossoms that adorn  
The crimson wreaths of climbing vine,  
That round the forest monarch twine,  
The frost and death seem blind as fate,  
And stop not to discriminate.

SOUNDS FROM THE FIELDS.  
There's a humming drone and undertone  
Of cricket and locust and bee,  
From the drowsy fields at noon,  
Like a child who sings to itself alone,  
Then nods and sleeps to the melody  
Of its own undisturbed tune.

A. T. Worden.

## LOVE'S ELIXIR.

I thought when leaves were falling  
Along the woodland ways,  
That life was like the seasons,  
And loomed autumn days  
Would follow youth's bright summer,  
And under skies grown cold  
The heart must sit in sadness,  
Because it grew old.

Then you, whose love I lean on,  
Smiled down into my eyes,  
And though the leaves were falling,  
I saw the summer skies.  
You kissed me, and the blossoms  
Of summer days came back.  
True heart, if love be with us  
What can the seasons lack?

I quaff of love's elixir.  
My heart is always young!  
I have found the fabled fountain  
Of which old poets sung.  
Oh, love me, love me always,  
And though my hair grows gray,  
My heart will keep the sunshine  
That fills the summer day.

—Eben E. Reiford.

## Miscellaneous.

## THE QUAKER ARTIST.

"I tell thee now, Richard, that thee'll never get a cent of my money if thee keeps on with the devil's work."  
The speaker was Friend Joseph Harris, and he held at arm's length a small picture in water colors, the features of which were hardly discernible in the gloom of the winter morning. Friend Joseph had been at the barn, as was his custom, to fodder the cattle and feed the horses before breakfast, and had discovered this humble bit of art in a nook in the granary. He did not have to be told that it was his son Richard's work, whose inclination to such ungodly pursuits had been the distress of his parents' lives.

Full of suppressed wrath, Joseph burst into the kitchen where the family were awaiting breakfast, and without preface addressed his son with the threat which he considered the most dreadful he could use—that of disinheriting. It meant something, too, for in spite of his plain surroundings, Joseph Harris owned nearly 300 acres of land worth easily \$150 an acre, and his visits on the first of April of each year were not to pay interest, but to receive it. A tall, straight figure, he was nearing sixty years of age, but as vigorous as a youth, with quick motions and sharp black eyes, indicating a violent nature chained for life by the strict discipline of the Society of Friends.

His son Richard, now turned of twenty-two, was of a different mould, short and stoutly built. His face at a first sight seemed heavy and vacant, but this was in fact the abstraction of the dreamer. His soft brown eyes, and hair clustering in thick curls over his low and broad forehead, made amends for his somewhat commonplace features.

The moment his father entered the kitchen Richard felt that his secret labor had been discovered, but his anxiety was more for it than for himself. He rarely dared face his father's anger, for Joseph Harris, like many of his sex, passed up in severity at home for the smooth, passionless exterior he maintained abroad.

"Will thee give it to me, father?" said Richard, advancing toward the outstretched hand which held the sketch, while the hand's owner contemplated it with unspeakable disgust.

Poor little painting. It was the fragment of an autumn afternoon, during which Richard had been busking corn in "the hill field," and which had abided in his memory clothed with the halo of a hundred day-dreams. There was a corner of a woods, the foliage half green, half shading into tints of brown and red. A rivulet leaving a piece of meadow still gay with autumn flowers and green with wet grass, flowed rippling and sparkling out of the sunlight into the shade of the dying leaves. What courage and hope it must have! Richard followed in thought its waters as they flowed on to Chester creek and then to the stately Delaware river, and far out till they met the mighty ocean which washes the shores of the world.

And as he mechanically plunged his husking-knife into the shucks and turned out the golden ears one after the other, he humbly took his lesson to himself, as was his wont, and said: "I, too, must have courage, firmer hope. Why should I not go forward in my study of art with greater faith? I must, I will. And to fasten the vow he had painted two studies of this little piece of meadow as a constant reminder, snatching the time on first

days and fifth days, when his father and mother were at meeting, and he and Mose Riddle, the colored man, were left to look after the stock. One copy he had sent on a venture to a commission house in New York, the other he had hidden in the barn.

It had acquired a kind of sanctity to him, and each tree had become a symbol of rebuff or danger he was fated to encounter in his future life. He had, moreover, described it to Sibbilla Vernon, and had promised this sole confidante of his aspirations that he would bring it over some time and let her see it. But Sibbilla lived two miles away, and as her parents were also strict members of the Friends, who regarded every work of art as profanity, this would have to be managed with due caution.

Richard's first impulse, therefore was to secure the picture. But his father had a double cause of displeasure and his anger was deep. He had agreed to give Richard a fourth share in the profits of the farm this year, and not only was this painting business an ungodly amusement, but also a waste of precious time and a loss of money. It must be stopped.

"I'll put it where it deserves to go, and where thee will follow unless thee turns thy steps from the world and its follies. But the fire that thou wilt meet will be that which is not quenched, and where the worm dieth not."

With these words, which friend Harris spoke slowly and with slight chanting intonation which characterizes the utterances of the speakers in meeting, the solemnity of which was further increased by the use of the formal "thou" instead of the usual "thee," he stepped to the kitchen fire-place, where a goodly fire was burning under the crane, and striking the picture against the corner of the mantelpiece, tore a ragged split through its centre and threw the whole into the flames. In a moment it was a shriveled cinder.

There are certain natures whose inherent strength can only be developed by a violent shock. Full of latent power, their weakness comes from a native humility. They distrust themselves through a genuine admiration of others. Such was Richard Harris. But the necessary shock had come. He gazed at a moment at the cinders, his face crimsoning, but the severe discipline of the Society and the family exercised the sway that it usually does even on the very young among Friends.

"Father," he said, with a low and even tone, "I repeat what I have often said; I have no light that there is evil in painting; but as thee thinks there is, I shall bid thee and mother farewell to-day and seek employment elsewhere. I shall not ask thee for any share in thy estate."

Taking his hat from the window sill, he passed out of the kitchen door, leaving his father speechless with amazement at this rebellious utterance, and his mother—a poor weak woman, constantly in misery from carrying out the severe rules of her husband whom she feared, and yielding to her tenderness for the boy whom she loved—wiping her tears without emitting any sound, either word or sob. As for his two sisters they sat demure and motionless through the whole scene, at heart rather pleased at it, as they had no sympathy with their brother's taste for forbidden arts, and thought him a queer, wasteful, uncomfortable member of the household. Moreover, though younger than he, they were not too young to see at once the pecuniary advantage to them of this renunciation of his share of the estate.

Richard went toward the barn and took a seat in a nook of the corn-fodder stack that was built along the side of the barnyard. He did not feel the cold, raw air of the early morning. His mind was too full of the step he was about to take, and what had led to it. Now or never he must quit the farm, renounce the teachings of the Society, throw aside the coat with standing collar, and the quaint, broad brimmed black hat, give up the plain language, reject the counsels of the venerable fathers of the meeting who would surely be appointed to visit him, and prove recreant to the revered precepts of Fox and Barclay. All this was meant by a pursuit of his strong bias for art.

Why was he born with it? Whence came it? These questions he often asked himself. For six generations his ancestors had never touched a brush or palette; not a painting nor a statue, nor a musical instrument, nor had any drama or work of fiction been allowed in their houses. How had he been created with a passion for color and form, with a love of poetry and music, which neither the dreary farm work nor the colorless life nor all the rigid deadening discipline of the Society could quench?

Going back to his earliest memory, he could recall that when four years old, he was left for a few hours at the house of Mike Willis, an Irish tenant on a neighboring farm, and that Mike's wife had kept him in the utmost bliss by showing him a colored print of the virgin and the infant, and telling him the pathetic history as it had pictured itself in her warm Irish heart. But what was the horror of his parents next day, when he toddled into the room when they were at dinner, and called:

"Mudder, mudder, come see God."

His parents ran to the door to see what this strange appeal meant, and lo! there on the floor of the front porch, chalked in rude but faithful outlines, were the child, with rays of glory round his head, and the mother by his side, holding a cross. He could still recall the scowl that came over his father's face, and his mother's impetuous rush for a bucket of water and the scrubbing brush. Not had he forgotten the violent shake and immediate spanking he himself received for his artistic adventure.

His memory leapt till he was a boy of ten, and to his intense delight at effecting a trade of a barlow knife for a box of paints. Many an hour of joy had they given him, hiding himself in the garret of the old house, in the back part of the barn near the dusty glass window, or in a little hut he had built in the woods. But his prying little sister betrayed him one day, and not only was his treasure confiscated, but he himself was tied to the bed-post by his mother, and given such a

whipping as would have completely discouraged most youthful artists.

Later in life, when he was too old for such vigorous measures, many lectures had he received on the frivolity of such tastes and the wickedness of ministering to them.

These scenes passing through his memory convinced him that it was in vain to battle with such inflexible rules, and that to be free he must leave the farm and all its associations.

There was but one which had really held him. That was Sibbilla Vernon, the daughter of rigid parents, her mother even a "public Friend," whose voice at monthly and quarterly meetings was familiar to all members of the Society. Sibbilla was not an unusual type of the advanced thought of her sect. Calm, self-possessed, clear-headed, she had announced when but fifteen for her family that her own conscience was her guide, and that in all essential matters she would follow it.

From childhood she and Richard Harris had delighted to play and talk together; and though no word of love, no kiss and no caress had ever passed between them, both their families and themselves considered their union merely a matter of time and money. Nor did this absence of the usual passages of love seem to any one concerned a strange circumstance. They were accustomed to the repression of all outward show of feeling. In neither household had the children ever seen a kiss exchanged among its members, either young or old.

Though devoid of any passion for art herself, Sibbilla understood and respected the forbidden tastes of her lover. She looked upon his peculiar abilities as gifts of God for use in life, and she quietly but firmly put aside the traditions of her sect which condemn them indiscriminately.

"Willst thou presume to deny the many testimonies of Friends, both in England and America, against these sinful arts?" her mother would ask; being a "public Friend" of considerable local fame she never employed the incorrect nominative "thee" even in family life.

"Mother," replied the daughter, "they spoke for their day. I must act in mine by the light I have, not by theirs."

Her mother wisely avoided argument, trusting that the spirit would enlighten her daughter in time.

Leaving the fodder stack, Richard walked across the bare fields toward the plain brick house which was Sibbilla's home. His mind was made up. He would go to New York and devote himself to the study of art. He had saved since his majority, about \$380. He had youth, strength, talent, love—that was not enough? Would Sibbilla approve of it? Would she make the serious sacrifice it involved?

As he approached the house it was about 10 o'clock, and all the men were out at work. He knocked at the front door, instead of the side door as usual, and Sibbilla herself opened it and gazed at him with considerable surprise in her hazel eyes, quickly changing to an expression of pleasure which Richard did not fail to note, and which filled him with both joy and anxiety.

"Why Richard, what brings thee here at this hour?" was her exclamation. "Sibbilla," he said, "I wish to see thee," and, stepping in, he closed the door, and they both stood in the wide hall, obscurely lighted by the transoms at each end. He paused a moment to recover his control, and then spoke in a low, vibrating tone: "I am going to leave the farm in order to study art. I shall have to give up my membership in the Society, as thee knows. Father says he will leave me nothing if I do, and I know that my mother agrees with him. But I am not afraid. All I ask is that thee approve of my decision, and will become my wife as soon as I am able to offer thee a home."

At that supreme moment of resolve all the strength which for generations had been matured by the noble theories of self-reliance, all the passion which for generations had been muffled and smothered under the narrow Quaker system of formality and repression, burst forth and were expressed in the face of Sibbilla Vernon. She seemed to rise in stature, and laying one hand on his arm, and passing the other round his neck she said:

"Richard, I will come to thee then, or I will go with thee now."

The tone was low and the words without haste, but he who heard it felt in his inmost soul no oath could be stronger.

"Thank God, and thee," he uttered, and for the first time in their lives each felt the magic meaning of a kiss of love.

Seated on the "wooden settee," which is the common furniture of the country hall, he told his father's words and action, and his own unalterable determination to seek his fortune in art. It was agreed that they should be married by a magistrate as soon as Richard should have an income of \$700 a year.

Full of quiet joy he went home, announced his intended marriage and immediate departure, packed his trunk, and told Mose to have the durnboard ready at 6 o'clock in the evening to take him to the railway station. After the 5 o'clock supper the members of the family maintained an entire silence, his mother quietly crying, and his father reading the "Book of Discipline," his favorite literature.

The durnboard drove up with Mose, who had been up to the station with the milk, and stopping at the country store, which was also the post-office, had brought a letter for Richard. It was rather unusual for any member of the household to receive a letter, and therefore Mose announced it with considerable emphasis, addressing his master by his first name, as is the custom in strict families.

"Joseph, hy's a letter for Richard. Hiram sez it's a letter from York, and pears as if it mout be on business."

Joseph took the letter, and resisting a strong inclination to open it, passed it to his son. It was from the firm in New York to whom he had sent the copy of his picture, and it read:

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—  
DEAR SIR:—We have the gratification of informing you that the study you sent on sale has attracted great attention of one of our patrons, to whom we have parted

with it for \$500. Deducting comm., storage, insur'ce del'v., &c., as per inclosed statement, leaves a net balance of \$372.63, for which you find our check herewith.

You mention a duplicate of the study yet in your possession. We will take that at the same figure, cash on delivery, and will give you an order for five more studies to be completed within a year.

Respectfully,  
SMILES, WILES & CO.

As he read this letter the check fell from his hand on the table. The sight of the colored and stamped paper was too much for his father. Glancing at the large amount,—as much as he received for the best wheat crop his farm could raise—he snatched the letter from his son's hand, and eagerly read it. Richard stood by in silence.

"What does he mean by the duplicate study?" said his father in an uncertain voice.

"He means," said Richard quietly, "the picture you threw in the fire this morning."

A new light dawned upon his father's mind. So long as his son's taste seemed nothing but a time wasting form of idleness, it had no redeeming features; but the incredible fact that there were people willing to pay hundreds of dollars apiece for such vain images as now stood before him was a genuine surprise. He was too shrewd to misunderstand it and its results.

"Richard," he said with a softened voice, "I desire that thee would postpone leaving us for a few days. Thy mother and I will accompany thee to the city, and will be present at the ceremony. I think Sibbilla's parents will also not refuse to attend."

As he went, he said to Mose, who was waiting with the durnboard.

"Mose, thee should always be slow to anger, and avoid the committal of rash actions when out of temper."—Our Content.

## Mother Bickerdyke.

Kate B. Sherwood is the editor of a very interesting department of the *National Tribune*, entitled "Loyal Woman's Work," in a recent number of which we find the following interesting account of the patriotic services of Mother Bickerdyke:

There is not a reader of the *Tribune* who will not rejoice to learn from the following letter from Commander-in-Chief Van Dervoort that Mother Bickerdyke, the noble nurse of the old war days, has been discovered at the care of the G. A. R. in return for her years of unselfish services in their behalf, both during and since the war. Mother Bickerdyke, who resided at Cleveland, Ohio, at the breaking out of the war, was one of the first loyal women to offer her services for the care of the sick and wounded in the hospital and on the battle-field, and from that time until the collapse of the rebellion, with scarcely an interval of rest, she was continuously with our arms at the front. She was at Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Savannah, Perryville, Louisville, Memphis, Vicksburg, Jackson, Huntsville, Chattanooga, Mission Ridge, Ringgold, Dalton, Resaca, in all the field hospitals of the Atlanta campaign, Franklin, Nashville, and in Sherman's campaign through the Carolinas. When Sherman's veterans reached the National capital in June, 1865, she was there, furnishing the supplies of the Sanitary Commission to the battle-stained veterans on their homeward journey. After the war she devoted her services to the helpless freedmen, and was in charge of the Freedman's Home and Refuge in Chicago. It was one of Mother Bickerdyke's peculiarities to devote herself almost entirely to the private soldier.

The officers, she said, had enough to look after them; it was the poor fellows, with but a private's pay, a private's fare, and a private's dangers, to care for whom she felt herself particularly called. It will be seen by the letter of the Commander-in-Chief that her sympathies are still in that direction.

It was of Mother Bickerdyke that it was said that she outranked the commanding officer himself, and it came about in this way: While in charge of the hospital at Memphis an assistant surgeon, who had been out on a spree the night before, and who slept so late that the ward was without a diet list, made his appearance among the faint and hungry men, who had had no breakfast, and was denounced in the severest terms by Mother Bickerdyke. "Hoity-toity," he said, "what's the matter?" "Matter enough, your miserable scoundrel. Here, these men—any one of them worth a thousand such as you—are suffered to starve and die because you must be off on a drunk! Pull off your shoulder-straps, for you shall not stay in the army a week longer." She was as good as her word, and in three days he was discharged. He carried his complaint to headquarters and asked to be reinstated. General Sherman listened to his story, and asked him who caused his discharge. "Why," he said, hesitatingly, "it was that woman—that Mrs. Bickerdyke." "Oh," said Sherman, "Well, if it was she I can do nothing for you. She ranks me!"

FAIRPORT, N. Y., March 13, 1883.

Rheumatic Syrup Co.,  
Gents:—Since November, 1883, I have been a constant sufferer from neuralgia, and have not known what it was to be free from pain until I commenced the use of Rheumatic Syrup. I think it is the best remedy I have ever heard of for purifying the blood and for the cure of rheumatism and neuralgia.

W. B. CHASE.

A Bad Case of Scrofula Cured.  
Rheumatic Syrup Co., Wolcott, N. Y.:  
I had been doctoring for three or four years, with different physicians for scrofula as some called it, but found no relief until I commenced taking your Syrup. After taking it a short time, to my surprise, it began to help me. Continuing its use a few weeks, I found myself as well as ever. As a blood purifier I think it has no equal.

Mrs. WM. STRANG.

Why go about with that aching head? Try Ayer's Pills. They will relieve the stomach, restore the digestive organs to healthy action, remove the obstructions that depress nerves and brain, and thus cure your headache permanently.

Bills of long standing and trousers of long sitting are better receipted.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla for the Blood.

## MAMMA'S MAMMA.

Miss Gracia Melicent Davenport was the centre of an admiring circle at Mrs. Broughton's garden party, as indeed she always was wherever she went. For an exceedingly pretty and attractive girl was Gracia Melicent. Her complexion was as transparently fair as the whitest of morning-glories, and she had a way of flushing when enthusiastic about anything, which was at least once in every five minutes, that straightway sent the morning-glories out of your head, and set you thinking of wild roses instead.

Then her eyes were a sort of beautiful green-blue, and she flashed and sparkled like emeralds one moment, and sapphires the next; and her hair—well, that was a wonder indeed; old-gold in color, and rippling nearly to her little feet when unloosed, and crowning her shapely head, when "done up," with a diadem that many a princess would have given her really and truly crown for, albeit said crown were over so thickly studded with jewels rich and rare. And her mouth was lovely, though she was wont to open it a little too widely when she laughed; and her chin had an adorable dimple in it; and she was moderately tall and very well formed; and she danced charmingly, and played the piano and harp in a like manner; and she had the cunningest burr in her speech.

Must have been perfection, you say. No; she fell short of that, for she had two defects—one personal and one mental (I wish I had no more), the personal being rather large hands; the mental, undue ancestral pride. The latter defect was the result of maternal influence and teaching. Mrs. Davenport being among the most particular of the residents—I mean the old residents—of the City of Brotherly Love, in regard to the ancestry of those who sought the honor of her acquaintance. She was a tall, dark-eyed, dark haired, rather robust woman, a little too ladylike in her manners; that is, too closely observant of all petty society rules. Indeed, she gave to an outsider the idea that she was constantly on the watch lest she should infringe the least of them.

"Papa's great-grandfather," Gracia would say, flushing and dimpling, "was Governor of his native State for two terms, and his grandfather was a celebrated clergyman, and his father was a Judge of the Supreme Court, and they all married ladies from the first families in the land. But mamma's family date back to royalty; they are descended from kings and queens. Why, mamma's mamma still lives, surrounded by faithful retainers, in an old castle by the sea, in England. Mamma can not induce her to leave it. She looks upon republican America with aristocratic scorn. It is from her mamma gets her deep blue eyes and blue-black hair, and I my dimple. Some day, mamma says, we may go to see her; that is, if she can ever be brought to forgive the runaway match with papa (he was traveling through Europe when he met and fell in love with and married mamma, you know); and if I should be fortunate enough to please the fastidious lady, she may give me the family jewels. I should like to stay there and live under a monarchy must be delightful, and no doubt my feeling on the subject, as well as the dimple in my chin, is all owing to mamma's mamma."

And in this way she was holding forth at the garden party, to the great gratification of the young ladies and gentlemen who surrounded her, with one exception. That exception was William Merrill, a young farmer, and a distant relative of Mrs. Broughton's, at whose father's farm Gracia had spent all her vacations from early childhood until early womanhood. And very happy vacations they had been, too, with the handsome young fellow, only two years her senior, always ready to do her bidding, and his many brothers and sisters and cousins ready to follow his lead. And to this farm, after she attained womanhood, Miss Davenport continued to come for a visit of a month or more every summer "as long as I live, if possible," she said Mrs. Merrill, "for it is one of the dearest and pleasantest places in the world, and the Merrills are the kindest of people, and I never, never can forget them."

But in spite of her promise to his mother she had told Will the day before the garden party that Lilac Farm should know her no more. And why? Because the poor youth had confessed his love for her (as though she hadn't known of it all along)—take my word for it, there's no one more artful in some things than an artless young girl), and had begged her to give him the faintest hope that at some time, however distant, she would become his wife.

"Will, I am astonished at you—I am indeed," was her reply to his impassioned appeal, "knowing my sentiments as well as you do. Marry a farmer, and a farmer who doesn't even know who his great-grandfather were, and whose grandfathers are market-gardeners! Good gracious, what would mamma's mamma say? Good-by to the family jewels, for good, then. But pray don't take my refusal to heart"—observing the pained expression on his face.

"You are rich, good-looking, clever, and a gentleman in all senses of the word but one (unfortunately, though, that is the very one that mamma and mamma's mamma insist upon), and there's many a girl, much nicer than I, who would be glad to be your wife. I like you ever so much myself, and if I had not inherited this family pride so very strongly, might have liked you better. But there! it can't be, and I sha'n't come to the dear old farm again."

Poor Will! he resolved to leave Broughton Villa that night—but didn't. Then he started to go in the morning, but turned back before he reached the outer gate. And the afternoon found him still lingering near the fair aristocrat who had wrought his woe. But when again she began to speak, with a proud toss of her golden head, of her distinguished ancestors, he made another attempt to break his chains; and striding wrathfully from the spot, he very nearly tumbled over a little old woman who was coming along, taking high steps as though she had been accustomed to walking over planted fields, and

leading, of all things in the world in this place, by a stout cord, a small white pig. "Sure, sorr," said she, stopping and dropping a courtesy, "could you be after tellin' me where I could be after findin' wan Gracey Dayvannant? I've something for that same gurril from the old country, an' they tell me she's hereabouts, sorr."

"A messenger from mamma's mamma—one of the old retainers, confound them!" said Will to himself. And then he said, aloud, "Follow me and I'll take you to the young lady."

So back he turned, not at all loath to do so, notwithstanding his determination of a few minutes before, and, followed by the little old woman (who wore, by-the-bye, a white cap with a huge frill, a brown woollen petticoat, and a short red (woolen cloak) leading the small white pig, he once more sought the place where Miss Davenport was holding court. "That is the young lady," he said, pointing her out to the little old woman.

"The blissed Mary!" exclaimed that personage. "Sure an' she's a rare beauty!"—at the same time, in her excitement, giving the cord she held in her hand such a jerk that the animal at the other end of it uttered a loud remonstrant squeal, which caused every head to be turned toward the new-comer, and every face to assume an expression of amused surprise.

The little old woman forced her way through the crowd of beaux and belles, dropping courtesies right and left as she went, dragging after her the reluctant, squealing pig, until she stood directly before the proud and lovely Gracia Melicent.

"The Lord love yer purty face!" she said. "Sure it's well worth comin' all the way from old Ireland to see. An' that same have I done, my darlint, though not a wurrid, but a few pounds now an' then, have I got from me own daughter since she ran away wid the Yankee. But I heard of ye, me dear, from your own nurse, Rosey McGill—she that came home to die five years ago—an' I was day-dreamin' to look upon yer before Death, the ould villain, summoned me wid, 'Aha, Kitty O'Brien, it's meself that's afther ye!' So I sould me bit of a house an' me three foine cows, an' all me possessions barrin' a ryal prisint I saved for ye, Gracey me darlint, and brought along over the sayd me—whisht! be still, ye squallin' thafe of the worruld—an' here he is, a jewel of a pig, the loike of which can't be found in all Ameriky. But phy don't ye shpake to me, darlint? Phy do ye sit there as dumb as Biddy Kinney's corpse sivin days dead? Haven't ye a wurrid of will come for your own mamma's mamma?"

With a wild shout of laughter the courtesies fled—forgive them; they could not have helped it to have saved their lives—and as the last of them disappeared, the poor princess descended from her throne. "I must leave this place at once," with a humble pleading look at Will. "I couldn't bear to meet one of these people again. Will you help me—us" (glancing at the little old woman)—"to get away?"

"Of course I will," answered the manly young fellow. "And come back to the old homestead, Gracia. Do, my dear. Father and mother and all the sisters and brothers and cousins will be delighted to see you and your mamma's mamma and"—and this was the only revenge he ever took for her past flouting—"the family jewel."

She went, and she said.—*Harper's Weekly.*

## Tools Used by Burglars.

To see the array of articles and hear the quiet police officer tell what has been accomplished with them, would cause many a citizen to experience a cold chill and lie awake at night in the apprehension of thieves. There are implements with which robbers exert great force in breaking open heavy doors and shutters and in wrenching off the hinges of safes. Much noise is caused necessarily in their use. There are others which are used so silently that with their aid a burglar can enter a room where persons are sleeping without making an alarm.

For heavy work the "jimmy" is a favorite tool of the burglar. It is a modified iron crowbar, often made in sections in order to be more convenient for carrying on the person. The ends are made of the finest steel, usually wedge-shaped or chisel-shaped, but frequently having sharp cutting edges. With two or three large sectional jimmies thieves can open the strongest of store shutters and doors. Burglars' tools are made of the best materials, and the mechanical workmanship displayed in them is of the best. Most of them can be used readily as deadly weapons of offence and defense. Several of the best jimmies at police headquarters were made by Adams, alias Moore, the bank burglar, now in prison. Other implements made by him are fine diamond-pointed drills, bits, and braces. Persons who rely on iron bars, set across the basement windows of their houses, to keep out thieves, would be astonished by the working of "dividers," long screw bolts on which are nuts attached to hooks. A few turns of the bolts, by means of a lever, will spread bars far enough apart to permit a man to enter.

When robbers wish to open doors without breaking them, they often use picklocks or skeleton keys, of which there are many specimens at police headquarters. Keys left in locked doors are turned from the outside easily with a pair of slender pincers called "nippers." Occupants of houses can protect themselves against the use of such implements, however, by a simple device recommended by the detectives. A piece of strong wire, about a foot long, bent over the handle of a door, and passed through the ring of the key, will make it impossible to unlock the door from the outside. Burglars laugh at the fastenings of strong shutters. On windy nights they quickly cut out pieces of glass near the fastenings, using a piece of putty to deaden the sound and to keep the glass from falling inside the window. The noise made in the operations will not awaken a light sleeper. Large pieces of wooden shutters are removed by the use of fine augers and greased saws. When proper openings are made the thieves can remove ordinary window fastenings and

even heavy cross-bars without arousing the inmates of a house. In the collection of articles used by thieves also are dark lanterns, face masks, pistols and knives, leaden mallets, rope ladders, bits and braces, and many tools commonly used by carpenters and machinists.

## The Expense of Facing With Pressed Brick.

The fronts of many of the massive buildings now in course of construction, and those about to be commenced in this city, are formed of pressed brick. This kind of brick is very expensive, more so than is generally supposed by persons who have never had occasion to purchase.

Pressed bricks are not made in this vicinity to a very great extent, and the finer qualities are brought here from other places, principally from the east. A brick manufactured at Chicago is one of the most expensive grades made. The price paid in Chicago is \$40 per thousand. The freight to this city is \$10 per thousand, making the brick cost \$50 per thousand, or 5 cents each. These bricks are made perfect as to color and size. There is no variation whatever in either respect. The edges and corners are sharp, and in each brick are eight round holes, about half an inch deep on either side, in which the mortar is placed. They are shipped with the utmost care. Being packed in bay.

In laying pressed brick another heavy expense is incurred. Only strictly first-class men are considered competent to do the work. They are paid the highest wages, \$4 per day being the rate in this city. The work is exceedingly slow, as the greatest care is required. Each brick must be laid exactly and not



## A ROMANCE.

She didn't like me when we met—  
But turned away and pouted;  
"Was very cool, I own, to get  
At first a snub so final, yet  
I clung to hope, and doubted.

Strange as it seems, a few short weeks  
Confirmed my sanguine guesses;  
I came to understand her freaks,  
And even dared to kiss her cheeks  
And stroke her golden tresses.

So time went on, and as we grew  
To know each other better,  
She bravely learned to kiss me too,  
And when she strangely tried to woo,  
Somehow I used to let her.

The privilege still yet is mine  
With kiss her lips to smother;  
Still round my neck she likes to twine  
Her soft white arm. I'll drop a line  
I guess, and ask her mother.

This rhyme produces envy—strife,  
Within your reason, maybe;  
So let me take a leaf from life;  
Her mother is my darling wife,  
And she my blessed baby.

## The Captain's Cook.

Habit is very strong. Captain Hunt had an old darkey as cook and servant who had been a slave for forty years. He had great reverence for a white man, and always did whatever a white man told him to do. This was a good quality, but "Uncle Dick" carried it too far. The Captain would give him a chicken to carry into camp, some day on the march. Dick would wander off, and some private, a great lover of chicken, would swagger up to him and thunder out: "What are you doing with that chicken, you black scoundrel. That man right over there is Gen. Buell. If he sees you with that chicken he will have you hang sure. He had two niggers hung this morning." This was always too much for Dick, and he would hand the chicken over, and the Captain would go without chicken for supper.

"Where's that chicken, Dick?"  
"I gub it to a white man who just saved me from gettin' hung, sah. Massa Buell was mighty mad at me for carrying that chicken, sah."

The Captain would explain and then threaten. Dick would always promise to never give another chicken up; but the next night, with the Captain's cautions in his mind, and the Captain's chicken in his hands, he would be accosted by some straggler:

"I say, uncle, where did you get that chicken?"

"Dis fowl b'longs to Captain Hunt, sah. I is his cook, sah."

"O yes, I thought I knew you. I know the Captain very well. He is my cousin. You remember me, don't you? Just give me that chicken. I'll make it all right with the Captain." And Dick, with the teachings of forty years clouding his intellect and understanding, would deliver the chicken. The Captain would be in a towering rage, and Dick would explain:

"A white man told me to gib it to him, sah; sed he was your cousin, and I let him take de fowl."

Finally, the Captain told Dick he would have him shot if he ever gave up another chicken. Under this threat Dick came into camp with the chicken, and the Captain viewed his operations as he dressed it with great satisfaction. He stepped away to gossip with the Colonel, when Geo. Hunt, (no relation of the Captain) walked up to Dick and said:

"Well, Dick, you got the chicken safe this time, haven't you?"

"Yes, sah. Golly. Massa Cap gwine to shoot me if I don't fetch 'um, um, and white man can't fool me no mo."

"That's right, uncle, stick to it. Let me help it, will you?"

Dick in perfect confidence handed the chicken to George.

"Nice fat chicken, isn't it? The Cap's my brother, you know?" said George, and he walked off with it.

Half an hour after the Captain discovered his cook sitting on a camp stool, with no chicken. "Where's that chicken, Dick?" with all the sternness that a disappointed stomach could inspire.

"Yer brudder tuck 'um," sullen and short.

"My brother? I haven't any brother?"

"Yes, he, he looks like you. He talks like you—and he's a mighty mean man—and I don't thought he was a brudder. But he better be careful, cos dis ole man is mad now, he is. Dey is too many masses in dis company. One white man he says, hold de chicken. Nudder white man he say, let em go. One white man shoot me if I don't, and one white man shoot me if I do. So I can't do nuffin."

George here put in an appearance with the chicken nicely fried, and explained to the Captain that he thought he would post Dick by trying another dodge on him, and that the Captain might not miss his supper cooked the chicken himself.

Old Dick looked into the pan with wide open eyes, and while the two were laughing slipped off, went round to the little fire where George had been cooking, and came back with three or four choice bits of chicken, nicely cooked. Dick George had put aside for himself. Dick precipitated the affair by turning these pieces into the pan with the others, remarking:

"Massa Jahge dun forgot some of de nicest pieces."

The Captain laughed and saw the point. There was a shout of laughter from outsiders generally, and George remarking: "That nigger's no durned fool after all," executed a quick departure. This established Dick's reputation, and he carried chickens with impunity until he left the service.

The Strange Fish an Athlete Could Not Lift.

"You look like a likely better," said an old Maine fisherman in oil skins, who was unloading a dory full of mackerel at Deer Island, to a lusty young man in knickerbockers and a white flannel shirt.

"Yes," replied the young man. "I'm called pretty strong in the Skowhegan Athletic Club."

"Did you ever lift much fish?" asked the old fellow.

"I never saw the fish I couldn't lift."

The fisherman took out a clean ten dollar bill and said: "I'm going on 61 years old next summer day, but I'll bet \$10 even you can't lift fish that I can."

"Where's the fish?" asked Skowhegan.

"Well, I'll tell you. Here's a fish," and he poked among the mackerel, and pointed to a large, solid, skate-like fish in the bottom of the dory. "Let's see, it's about five feet up to the dock. I'll bet you the \$10 you can't toss the fish up there."

The Skowhegan athlete, thus called upon, deposited \$10 with the owner of the mackerel canning shop, who had joined the party, and went down the ladder into the boat, while the old fisherman climbed upon the dock to watch the feat.

"Stand back there!" shouted the fish tosser, rolling up his sleeve. "This fish might hit you, old man, and knock some of the blow out of you."

"Heave away," said the man in the oil skins, tipping a wink at the crowd in general.

The young man now stepped into the dory, and poked away the tinkers (small mackerel) that were sliding about. Standing on the edge of the boat, he stooped down, grasped the skate-like fish, and lifted, raising it about a foot. Then, uttering a yell, he staggered a moment, and fell with a resounding splash into the water, nearly capsizing the boat in accomplishing the feat, which was received with shouts of laughter from the dock, the old fisherman fairly dancing a hornpipe on the rail.

"What the matter with you?" he shouted, as the unfortunate athlete scrambled into the dory again, swearing like a pirate. "Trying to upset the boat, are you?"

"Who struck me? Some one gave me a knock on the neck just as I was lifting."

"Nonsense," said some one in the crowd. "You wasn't touched."

"I'll take my oath I felt something hit me. If this is a skin game I want to know it." Bracing himself firmly in the boat he again grasped the fish in both hands and raised it three feet, and then fish, athlete and all went over backward among the tinkers. Man, fish, oars and bailers were mixed up for a moment. At last the Skowhegan lifter made a break for the dock, and, once upon it, sank down on a pile of boards. He was as white as a sheet, and covered with scales from head to foot.

"Send for the apothecary," he gasped as the men crowded around.

"Why, what's the matter with you?"

"I've had a stroke," whispered the victim. "The minute I stooped to lift I felt a runnin' all over me. It's in our family, but I've got it bad," and here he rubbed his arms and legs.

"It knocked me clean off my feet," added he, "and my limbs felt like sticks. Send—," but here a roar of laughter broke from the men, and one of them, seizing him by the arm, jerked him to his feet.

"You're all right, my lad; only next time don't go fooling around old Amos. He's a hard nut."

"Here's your money, sonny," said the old man, holding out the bill, "you've earned it."

"What do I mean?" he continued.

"Why, jest this: You haven't had a stroke of paralysis. They'll knock a horse if you take 'em right."

The athlete looked vacantly ahead, took back his money, and left amid the renewed laughter of the crowd.

"He'll have a yarn to tell the Skowhegan folks," said the perpetrator of the joke, "but I do hate to hear a man 'blow,' and thought I'd take him down. Injured? No sir-ee. He'll feel stiff for an hour or so, but it won't harm him."

"What the use of the shocks? Why, I reckon they kill fish with 'em or drive 'em off."

The latter assumption is probably correct. The electric apparatus of the torpedo is its defense, and certainly is a good one. The electric organs may be compared, to some extent, to the voltaic pile, and consists of two series of layers of hexagonal cells, the intervening spaces between the plates being filled with a trembling, jelly-like substance, so that each cell can be compared to a Leyden jar. Each torpedo carries about 480 of these batteries, the whole being equal in power to about fifteen Leyden jars, making 3,500 square inches charged to the highest degree. The upper side of the fish is positive and the lower negative, the shocks seemingly being entirely at the will of the strange electrician.

A Minneapolis Land Agent.

While driving out across the unfenced prairies three miles beyond the city I came across two men. One had his pocket full of signs and the other carried an ax and bundle of stakes. After pacing around for a time in the tall grass, the man with the hatchet drove a stake and the other man pulled forth and tucked to it: "This house and lot for sale or rent on easy terms." Accosting him I exclaimed:

"Man alive, what do you mean by putting up such a sign on an unknown prairie? There isn't a house or a street within a mile of here." Looking up pityingly, and drawing a roll of paper from his pocket the agent replied: "Here is a plan for a seven room house. This afternoon twenty-four men will begin its construction. Here is a contract for its lease already signed at \$25 per month, and a week from next Saturday the tenant will move in. My name is Herrick. I'll sell you a lot fronting this double-track street car line on this broad avenue for \$3,000. Cheap as dirt. Next week you can refuse \$6,000 for your property."

Catching my breath I protested: "Broad avenue! Double-track street-car line! Great thing, this is an open prairie! It has never been plowed."

But from the other pocket jumped another roll of papers. "Here is the plan of a street I had recorded this morning and here is a petition for a street car line. In sixty days you will have both. Here I have a deed all filled out except signing, and I can make this lot right over to you now. We'll get witnesses down town."

"Your lot?" I timidly ventured, "is small, only sixteen feet."

"Small!" yelled Herrick in a tragic and injured voice. "Do you call sixteen feet front small? Why, you can build a three-story house on that lot, and that is large enough for anybody." At this I cut the ground and galloped away through the grass, lest I should fall a victim to Herrick's blandishments and schemes.—*Minneapolis Sentinel.*

## VARIETIES.

The editor of "Art Babbie," in the N. Y. Sun thus "takes off" the ideas of the color school:

One of the cleverest satires on the impressionists I have heard of was "La Cigale," a farce produced in Paris some years back. The hero is an impressionist painter. You see him in his studio, surrounded by monstrosities, pastes d'au and smears of absolutely intelligibility surround him in chaotic confusion. He displays them to a poor picture buyer. One immense canvas is covered with dirty yellow paint. The only object visible and comprehensible is a huge knife in the foreground.

"Very fine," says the visitor dubiously, "but what is it?"

"That, my dear sir," answered the painter, "is a London fog."

"Ah, to be sure. But, pardon me. The knife there, eh?"

"That is to express the quality of the fog—to show that it is thick enough to cut, don't you see?"

Another eccentricity of genius is to put on the easel. It is a canvas across one-half of which is a flat smear of vermilion, while the other half is similarly decorated with indigo.

"Now, there," says the painter, "is my greatest work. It is my *chiff d'œuvre*."

"Indeed! Very fine it is, too. But, pardon me. I am not an artist you know, and I look to you for information."

"Certainly, certainly."

"Now what does that picture represent?"

"What! Is it possible you do not recognize the ocean, with its sunset sky suffused with blood, and the great dark sea rolling beneath its all its immensity?"

"To be sure. Fine—very fine, indeed."

"But that is not the best of it. That picture is really two pictures in one. All you have to do is to turn it upside down. Now look at it."

"Wonderful! Wonderful! But, really, you must excuse me if—"

"What! Do you not see it?"

"Well, the fact is, I am a little near sighted."

"Why, it is the desert—the vast and melancholy desert, with its blue sky above it and its red sand below."

The following amusing story of an English nobleman recently deceased, is told by a correspondent of a contemporary:

"The duke," he says, "was once in a church when a collection was announced for some charitable object. The plate began to go round and the duke carefully put his hand into his pocket and took out a florin, which he laid on the pew before him, ready to be transferred to the plate. Beside him sat a little snob, who, noticing his action, imitated it by ostentatiously laying a sovereign alongside the duke's florin. This was too much for his grace, who dipped his hand into his pocket again and pulled out another florin, which he laid by the side of the first."

The little snob followed suit by laying another sovereign beside the first. His grace quickly added a third florin, which was capped by a third sovereign on the part of the little snob. Out came a fourth florin, to swell the duke's donation, then the little snob triumphantly laid three sovereigns at once upon the board. The duke, not to be beaten, produced three florins. Just at this moment the plate arrived. The little snob took up his handful of sovereigns, ostentatiously rattled them into the plate, then turned defiantly towards his rival, as if he would say, "I think that takes the shine out of you."

Fancy his chagrin when the duke, with a grin amie, put one florin into the plate, and quietly swept the remaining six back into his pocket!

During the last break in oil, a woman who had ridden four or five blocks in a street car with a lone gentleman, suddenly turned upon him with:

"You do that again and I'll appeal to the driver!"

"W—what?" he gasped.

"Oh! you villain, you know what!"

"Madam, upon my soul I don't understand!"

"Sir! you winked at me three different times!"

"I did! Great Scott! Madam, but I wasn't aware of it! I am the holder of 95,000 barrels of oil, and am being squeezed so hard that I am scarcely in my right mind! Wink at you! Why, woman, if oil should even advance 25 cents per gallon, I would not dare win an hour water! Squeezed out of \$16,000 in one hour, and then charged with having a corner on the winking business! Madam, I—"

But she rang the bell and left him alone.

A pretty girl had a bashful artist for a sweetheart, but he would never come to the point. One night after he had made a desperate attempt to tell her feelings, she looked at him in a very significant way.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked with a startled look.

"Do you profess to be an artist?" she replied evasively.

"Yes."

"Do you think you are a good one?"

"I dare myself that I am."

"Well, I don't think so."

"Why not?"

"Because you cannot even draw an inference."

He did though; and now they draw conclusions.

"What's the matter with that pig?" asked the city chap of Farmer Furrow, who stood by the pen gazing at the grunting animal.

"Oh, I guess he's got the thumps," said the old man.

"What sort of a thing is the thumps?"

"Well, it's just like what you have, when that pretty girl in the choir makes eyes at you," grinned the granger.

The young man blushed like a beet and stammered:

"Wha-wha-what do you mean, sir, by that?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," soothingly replied the farmer, as he scratched the pig's back with a stick: "the poor critter's only got an affection of the heart. But he'll soon get over it; just like you."

A bashful young man went three times to ask a beautiful young lady if he might be the partner of her joys and sorrows and other household furniture; but each time his heart failed him, and he took the question away unpopped. She saw the anguish of his soul, and had compassion on him. So, the next time he came, she asked him if he had thought to bring a screw-driver with him. He blushed, and wanted to know what for. And she, in the fulness of her heart, said she did not know but that he would want to screw up his courage before he left. He took the hint and the girl.

A rural visitor at the Art Loan during fair week, pointing to a mutilated statue, said:

"And what do you call that?"

"That," replied his friend, "is a torso."

"H'm, yes," muttered the visitor, "but how did it become torso?"

A policeman tenderly put him outside the turnstiles.

## Chaff.

Why is a kiss like a runner? Because it passes from mouth to mouth.

Key objects decidedly to women apothecaries. He says he could not wink at them without being misunderstood when he wanted his soda strengthener.

At Niagara Falls a young bride was very much embarrassed when a blackman pointed to her husband and said: "Do you want a carriage for your father, miss?"

"I hope you say your prayers every night," remarked the good pastor to Miss Shoddy.

"Indeed I don't," was the reply; "pop's too stingy to buy me a prayer rug."

"Is there anything wrong in kissing?" he asked her as they stood together at the gate.

"Certainly there is," she replied, "or there wouldn't be any fun in it."

"Bill," said Tom to his friend, whose wife he disliked, "your wife is an ugly woman."

"Well," replied Bill, "that's her privilege."

"Yes," replied Tom; "but she abuses the privilege."

The eagle feels best at a height of twelve thousand feet above the earth, while the minute you get a man on the roof of a house he begins to weaken and can't remember a word beyond "Fellow citizens!"

The speaker who alluded to his candidate as "the war horse that snuffed the battle from the air," climbed up to the composition-room with a club after reading it in the paper as the ward boss that snuffed the battle from a bar.

The Biblical Recorder says that a young colored preacher in a recent sermon, wishing to display his learning, would occasionally use the word "Curriculum," and as often as he used it some one of the sisters exclaimed, "Glory!"

"Pull down your umbrellas. You'll scare this engine off the line," screamed the engineer of the Western North Carolina Road to a crowd of country people, who had gathered to see the first train come in. They were all lowered at once.

When the editor proposed and was accepted, he said to his sweetheart: "I would be glad if you would give me a kiss;" then observing her blush, he added: "Not necessarily for publication, but a guarantee of good faith."

She could not resist that.

The Morning Journal of New York says: "Ben Ham and Dan Bacon are on the cards for a skating match this winter. It would be more in keeping with the eternal fitness of things if they were set down for a greased pig match at a county fair."

Sweet little Meg came into her Sunday school class one morning, her eyes filled with tears, and looking up into her teacher's face, said: "Our dog's dead, and I guess the angels were real scared when they saw him coming up the path, for he's awfully cross to strangers."

An honest farmer who had seen Richard III performed one night, waited upon the manager to a next morning to say that, if the gentleman who wanted a horse on the previous evening was of the same mind, he had several animals in his meadow, and would be happy to deal with him.

Two boys met in front of the S.W. office. The youngest of the two said: "Hello, Tom. Are you working?"

"I'm working around in Spruce Street, feeding a press."

"Feeding a press?" Tom repeated.

"Why, you overgrown Turk, diddled him to feed yourself, let alone a press."

"Don't you think Waffles is a terribly disagreeable fellow?" inquired Sid Arkuckle.

"Yes, I am inclined to agree with you," replied Dobson, who rooms with him. "He's always around and excited about something."

"Yes," "Never takes things easy."

"I don't know about that. He seems to take my suits, collars and socks just as easy as any sneak thief in the world."

Ministers Sound Its Fraise.

Rev. Mr. Greenfield, Knoxville, Tenn., writes as follows: "Samaritan Nervine permanently cured my son of epileptic fits." Here's food for thought. Sold by druggists. \$1.50.

The celebrated Vegetable Compound for females, which within a few years has made the name of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham known in every part of the civilized world, relieves suffering by the safe and sure method of equalizing the vital forces and thus regulating the organic functions. It is only by such a method that disease is ever arrested and removed.

An eminent physician of large practice says: "I have examined the formula from which Adams' Botanic Balm is prepared, and can recommend it as a safe and reliable remedy for coughs and colds."

If you would have appetite, flesh, color, strength and vigor, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which will confer them upon you in rapid succession.

The Household.

EASTERN GLIMPSES.

(Continued.)

Canadian scenery is one of extremes. There is no happy mean where one can revel in the picturesque or beautiful for days together as the train bears you on over wide fen or field, for if in Canada can boast of some of the finest scenery in the world, she can also point to many weary miles of low-lying dreary stretches of country, a sense of which weighs like a pall upon the spirit of the traveler. Yet this monotony is not without its salutary effect, for the mind, unexercised by surrounding glimpses, dwells upon its recent feast or restfully prepares for new impressions. A not many hours' journey by rail from Quebec brought us within the boundaries of the United States, and so marked was the change that we with one accord consulted guide books to ascertain positively our whereabouts. The chit-chat, the jest and light laugh from the careless, happy group of which Jane and the college girl were the center, suddenly ceased, and at every window appeared an eager, admiring face, anxious to lose no point of the pretty landscape. Low, billowy upland stretched away on either hand, here and there well tilled farms showed forth from their fertile slopes, while ever and anon some ridge towered high above the rest, seeming to the unsophisticated a veritable mountain, though in the native vernacular only a "hill."

How charming this ever varying, fleeting landscape! Gradually we ascended till we were high up among the foothills of the White Mountains and exultingly breathed in long draughts of the pure, invigorating air. With unceasing haste we left the train at a pretty way station and in a twinkling became metamorphosed into a romping band of children. How we scampered over the rocky field, snatching with eager hands great clusters of buttercups and daisies which blossomed everywhere so abundantly, and gathered armful of delicate sprays of nodding rock fern. All too soon the warning whistle recalled us, and we hastened aboard our train with our treasures clasped tightly, not so hurriedly, however, that we failed to hear from a native "Lord of Creation" the scornful remark, "What fools women are over them weeds!"

For hours we keep the mountains in view, which have so fascinated us that the majority of our party leave at Gorham, determined to form a more intimate acquaintance, if possible, with them. At last, even the last purple top disappeared, and for the first time during our journey we realized that it was midsummer, the heat and dust seeming doubly unbearable after the so recent freedom from either. We haven't a doubt about being in Yankee land, there is such an unmistakable air of thrift, economy and curiosity about everything and everybody. At intervals a man, carrying a can resembling a cornucopia teakettle, came through the train and sparingly poured out tiny cups full of ice water, just enough to aggravate the thirst which seemed consuming us, and with which we must be content, for ice costs money "down east."

Portland, with its cool, clean, shaded streets, and air of quiet comfort and prosperity, had a wonderfully soothing effect upon our tired nerves. Jane went into raptures at the first glimpse of the sea, declaring an undying love for it. Her enthusiasm was so infectious we determined to go to Boston by boat, and just at dusk, on board the "John Brown," we steamed out from the harbor, gleefully clapping our hands when an "old salt" remarked that it would be a rough night outside the bay. "How lovely," said Jane, "I've always longed to see old ocean in an angry mood, to feel the boat tip and roll and see the great waves dash boldly up, only to retire in apparent chagrin at the ship's steady rebuff."

"Were you ever seasick?" I mildly asked.

"Seasick! Never!" she replied scornfully. "Were you?"

"Never," I answered with the calm assurance of an old traveler, and a feeling of superiority over average weak humanity.

As the lights faded in the distance, and landmarks grew indistinct in the gathering darkness, we became satisfied the old sailor knew whereof he spoke. I suddenly became conscious that I was feeling "queer," and to my dizzy vision the "John Brown" and Neptune seemed to be having a rough and tumble game of leap frog in which the J. B. was having the worst of it. I glanced at Jane who sat serenely perched on a three-legged stool, sublimely indifferent to the rolling boat, gazing dreamily out over the white-capped waves. Another lurch of the boat, and with scant ceremony I informed Jane that I was tired and would seek repose, then precipitately left her. What mountains I climbed, what valleys traversed in that interminable journey to my stateroom! Once within its door, how rapidly the feeling of "queerness" grew upon me! Some fiend seemed to have taken possession of the room and set all his imps at work. They pushed me against the door, tripped me when I reached for a chair, made a football of my traveling bag, rapidly exchanged berths and set everything in such a whirl I was uncertain whether I walked on floor or ceiling. In a fit of generosity I climbed to the upper berth, where I bravely defied the imps who now slunk away to their corners. Brief period of bliss! Jane tapped for admittance and a sense of horror and sea-sickness swept over me as I made the descent to let her in. Pale, disheveled, but resolute, she entered.

"Sick?" I faintly gasped.

"No, indeed, the sea is grand! Why you poor thing, you are dreadfully sick, aren't you?"

"N-n-n-yes," and then the wicked creature laughed immoderately at my forlorn appearance; but her mirth was of short duration. The imps came forth from their hiding, seized us in mad sport, tossed us hither and thither, and finally tumbled us both into one berth, limp, pallid, mute, only one desire and that to die.

Morning and terra firma at last, and we turned our backs upon the J. B. Jane vindictively shook her fist at the smiling sea, exclaiming in



